

Job 13

Chapter 13

¹ **L**O, mine eye hath seen all *this*, mine ear hath heard and understood it.

² What ye know, *the same* do I know also: I *am* not inferior unto you.

³ Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God.

⁴ But ye *are* forgers of lies, ye *are* all physicians of no value.

⁵ O that ye would altogether hold your peace! and it should be your wisdom.

⁶ Hear now my reasoning, and hearken to the pleadings of my lips.

⁷ Will ye speak wickedly for God? and talk deceitfully for him?

⁸ Will ye accept his person? will ye contend for God?

⁹ Is it good that he should search you out? or as one man mocketh another, do ye *so* mock him?

¹⁰ He will surely reprove you, if ye do secretly accept persons.

¹¹ Shall not his excellency make you afraid? and his dread fall upon you?

¹² Your remembrances *are* like unto ashes, your bodies to

bodies of clay.

¹³ Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak, and let come on me what *will*.

¹⁴ Wherefore do I take my flesh in my teeth, and put my life in mine hand?

¹⁵ Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: but I will maintain mine own ways before him.

¹⁶ He also *shall be* my salvation: for an hypocrite shall not come before him.

¹⁷ Hear diligently my speech, and my declaration with your ears.

¹⁸ Behold now, I have ordered *my* cause; I know that I shall be justified.

¹⁹ Who *is* he *that* will plead with me? for now, if I hold my tongue, I shall give up the ghost.

²⁰ Only do not two *things* unto me: then will I not hide myself from thee.

²¹ Withdraw thine hand far from me: and let not thy dread make me afraid.

²² Then call thou, and I will answer: or let me speak, and answer thou me.

²³ How many *are* mine iniquities and sins? make me to know my transgression and my sin.

²⁴ Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy?

²⁵ Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?

²⁶ For thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth.

²⁷ Thou puttest my feet also in the stocks, and lookest narrowly unto all my paths; thou settest a print upon the heels of my feet.

²⁸ And he, as a rotten thing, consumeth, as a garment that is moth eaten.